

## AN EARLY ISSUE

The course of their true love had run smooth out for one thing—Jack believed that woman should be the vine and man the oak around which she should twine in good old fashioned style.

Jean, however, had become imbued with more modern ideas. She detected clinging, dependent womanhood and burned with a fierce desire to demonstrate to Jack that his ideas were erroneous.

"Of course," she said to him patiently after one of their frequent discussions, "I make excuses for you, as you were born in the south, where people still think women ought to be a plaything or pet and never do anything more serious than to dance or sit on a cushion, sew up a seam and feed on strawberries, sugar and cream. But I think every girl should be so educated that if it becomes necessary she can earn her own living."

"How would you for instance, start about making your living?" he asked, in a soft voice, with a suspicion of mockery behind the softness.

"Well," she replied, flushing, but defiant, "I could write, you know."

"Ah!" "Yes, I could and can!" How glad she was that she could now put her hand in her pocket and as a sort of grand climax bring out the letter she had been fingering during the interview.

"Now, read this. You see, I can earn my living, and what is more I intend to. Marriage, dependence upon a man for everything, is nothing in comparison with doing for yourself."

Surprised at this unexpected tirade, Jack took the letter she held out to him and read:

Dear Miss-John story, "A Romance of Romance" is accepted and will appear in an early issue of our magazine. Payment will be made upon publication. Yours truly,

Enrico or —

"Well," he asked, "what does this prove?"

"You are stupid," she retorted petulantly. "It proves that I have started out on a money making career and that I will make vigorous use of my talent hereafter instead of hiding it under a bushel."

"Your Scriptural quotations are rather weak, my dear. I hope you will not use any for publication without looking them up," said Jack mildly.

After this conversation there was a little coolness between the lovers. They still continued to love, but Jack ceased to urge an early marriage, and Jean seemed to have but little time to devote to him, as she was writing feverishly on a new tale.

In the meantime the magazine to which she had sold her first story came out. The story was not in it, as she had hoped it might be, but she told herself it would surely be in the next number. On the strength of this hope she succumbed to temptation and bought an extravagant hat, a French importation, vastly becoming, if dear.

"I'll show Jack that I can buy my own things, and pay for them, too," she thought proudly, and the next time he took her out she pointed to the little structure of lace, straw and flowers and said that was what "A Romance of Romance" had bought.

"So it is out?" he asked. "I must stop at the news stand and get it."

"Well, no," she replied, a little confused, "but it will be out next month—at least they said so on early issue," and Mme. Broke is quite willing to wait.

"Hum!" remarked Jack provokingly, but as Jean was uncertain what that exclamation might mean she changed the conversation.

She kept on bravely with her work, although the phenomenal success of her first manuscript was not followed by any more acceptances. The first of the next month Jean looked for the check which was to pay Mme. Broke, but the allotted days having passed without bringing it, she sought a copy of the magazine and eagerly ran over the contents, hoping the story was in it and payment had been overlooked.

Alas, it was not there, and Madame had already sent in her bill twice. It was humiliating to have to call and explain to the fashionable editor that the money upon which she depended for the payment of her bill had not yet reached her.

Madame was by no means as sweet and gracious as she had been when the sale was effected.

The story did not come out, but at last she yielded to Jack's entreaties and married him. "But I will not be a vine, Jack, and you needn't expect it," she declared.

"But no more depending upon magazine editors for hats, my dear," said her husband, laughing as he handed her a receipt from Mme. Broke, for the bill, unpaid at the time of their marriage, had fallen by accident into his hands.

"Oh, dear!" Jean cried, annoyed and yet relieved, for that bill had haunted even her dreams.

"But I will pay you back, Jack, when—when, don't laugh, darling, for it will be published some time—my story comes out."

As a matter of fact the "early issue" occurred exactly eight months after acceptance, and Jack happened to be with the aspiring authoress when she received her check.

Alas, again, for human hopes! The check equaled but half the amount of the price of the hat.

It was a blow to Jean's pride which no nearly staggered her that Jack forbore to tease.

"Nerve mind, dearest," he said kindly, "We'll go and get your check cashed and have a jolly little outing with the money—a supper at the St. Nick and the theater after."

"All right," Jean said, brightening up; "but I've learned a lesson, Jack, that I'll not forget. I'll never count my chickens again before they're hatched, as 'early issues' are often pretty long in issuing!"—Exchange.

First Use of the Word.

The word "God" never appeared in any government act until the year 1804, when at the suggestion of the director of the mint, ex-Governor Pollock of Pennsylvania, "In God We Trust" was stamped on the copper 2 cent piece. Before that time "E Pluribus Unum" had been the motto.

Strange to relate, "E Pluribus Unum" on coins never was authorized by law. Like Topsy, it just grew.

Nearly all the state constitutions mention God.—New York Press.

Bridget's Dilemma.

"And remember, Bridget, there are two things I must insist upon—truthfulness and obedience!"

"Yes, mum. And when you tell me to tell the ladies you're out when you're in which shall it be, mum?"—Tit-Bits.

Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup will give immediate relief to a child suffocating with the dreadful croup. Mothers, keep this reliable medicine always handy and it will save you many uneasy hours. It costs but 25c.

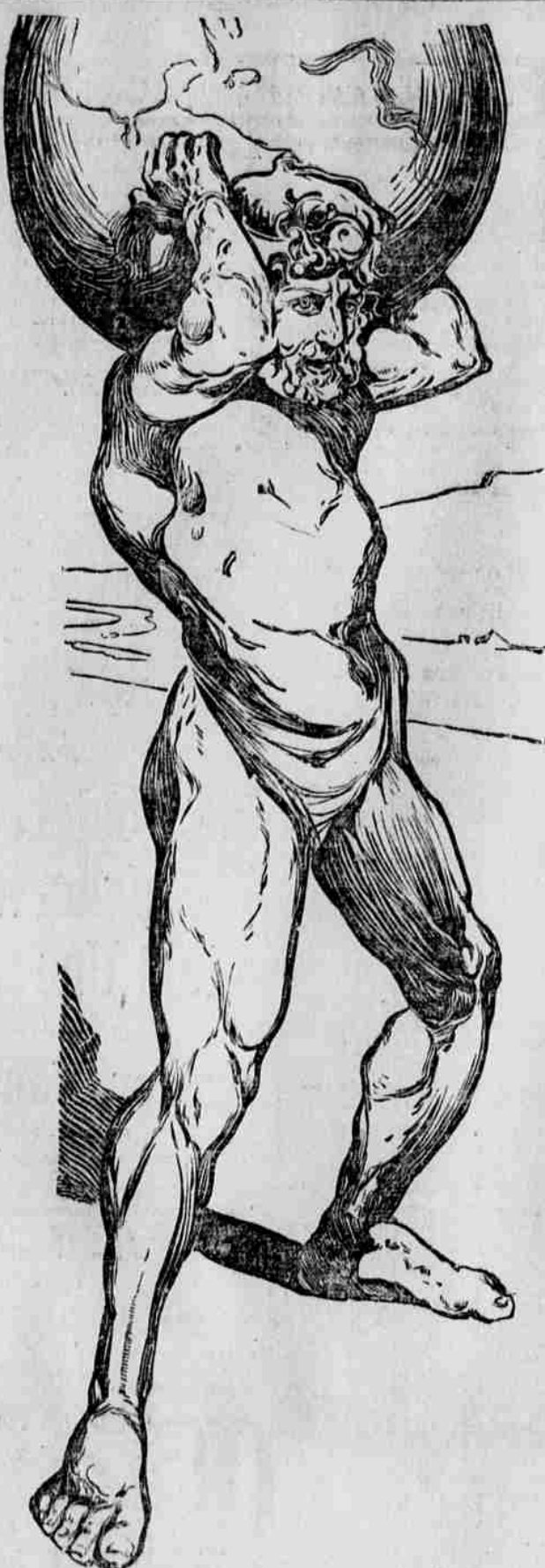
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Makes nerve fibre, nerve force, and muscle. The body is made healthy, able to endure the rack upon nerves from overwork and care, and withstand exposure to severe weather and prevailing disease.

Wyan Nelson, of Kansas City, Mo., writes:

"I was nervous, despondent, irritable, had no appetite, could not sleep well, had night sweats. My physician said I was threatened with nervous prostration. On the recommendation of my partner, I commenced using Paine's Celery Compound. Today I am as sound as a dollar, eat well, sleep well, and am not at all nervous."

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## OLD PILLS.

At Sydney Dr. Smithville and his daughter Louise took passage for home in our vessel, the North Light of New York. The doctor was a singular looking man, wearing a red skullcap, a buff vest, a blue coat with huge brass buttons and a beard which descended far down his breast.

His daughter, on the contrary, won the admiration of all hands by her delicate beauty, her gentle manners and sweet, clear voice. There was one among the sailors whose appearance she seemed especially to like. He was a young fellow of 21 named Harry Melton, who had left home and gone to sea on account of a college scrape.

Now, the doctor, who was a great admirer of physical vigor, had early noticed this young man and dazed him with the green light of his special favor.

The next day the doctor caught several tars poking fun at him. Harry Melton, although not joining them, was among the party, perceiving which the doctor, quivering all over with ire, walked straight up to him.

"So," he exclaimed, "even you—your, whom I have honored with my notice as a model of physical perfection—have been making game?"

"Why, no, indeed," answered Melton. "I have not. But as to your honoring me with your notice, sir, I don't understand that."

At this the doctor turned very red. "Remember," he exclaimed threateningly, "I am the inventor of —'s pills."

Next morning, when he came up, the first object he beheld was a huge placard pinned to the mainmast and which read as follows:

"When Old Pills comes up, look out for squalls."

At once the doctor's fertile mind pictured Harry as the offender. "I'll give him something that'll prevent his sleeping soundly for awhile," he muttered between his teeth. Accordingly he went below and mixed with a tumbler half-filled with brandy about four pills of a redish brown color. These soon dissolved, when the doctor, walking forward, asked Harry if he wouldn't have a drink.

The young sailor readily quaffed the mixture, and a smile of triumph illumined the doctor's face.

It was in the middle watch the following night when a form with nothing on but shirt and trousers might have been seen running up the fore rigging. The watch on deck looked at it in wonder. They saw it mount to the topsail yard and glide lightly out on top of it to the end.

"It is Harry Melton!" exclaimed the latter's bunk mate (sleeping companion), now emerging from the forecabin. "He rose and got out of the bunk awhile ago. I thought he was awake, but now I believe that he is walking in his sleep."

An imprudent sailor, falling with a splash into the sea. The men rushed to the lee rail. But they did not see him rise again and could therefore only conclude that he was drowned.

The news spread rapidly through the ship. Up came the captain and the doctor, the latter looking very much frightened and anxious.

"Papa, what is the matter? What has happened?" exclaimed Louise, as her parent came into the cabin.

"Why," answered the doctor self reproachfully, "this—that splendid physical Apollo—that—that young man, Melton, you know, has been lost overboard!"

Louise just gave one scream. Then down she went, white and senseless. The captain soon restored her, but the poor thing now was feverish and raving as in a delirium.

The truth broke upon the doctor's mind. This made his self accusation all the more terrible. He left his daughter in her berth and walked forward to cool his brow.

He sat upon the knighthead when, glancing over the rail, what should he see but the person of Melton, who had come up under the vessel's bow, and clutching a rope had, unseen by his shipmates, climbed to his present position, where, to faint to move farther, he had remained ever since.

The doctor with a cry of joy soon dragged him from his perilous position and led him into the cabin. He was permitted to remain there until his recovery. During that time he was carefully watched over and tended by Louise, who loved him more and more the better she knew him.

The three now live happy and contented at Greenpoint in a long, low house, with boxwood walks and a huge willow tree in front.—New York News.

The Address Didn't Matter.

The late Henry W. Grady, one of the most widely known of southern men, was forever singing the praises of Atlanta, which he firmly believed to be the coming great city of the south.

One day at a dinner at which General Collins, a great friend of the southern man, was present (Grady got on this favorite hobby of his and, to illustrate how widely known Atlanta had become, pulled out two envelopes which had contained letters sent to Atlanta from England. One was addressed to a friend of Grady at such and such a street, Atlanta, Ga., U. S. A., while the other was addressed simply to Henry W. Grady, Atlanta, state and country being omitted. "And, would you believe it," commented Mr. Grady, "so widely known has Atlanta become that these two letters, mailed in London at the same time, were delivered in Atlanta in the same mail!"

There was a pause and then General Collins drew out from the other end of the table: "They might have left that 'Atlanta' off your letter, Grady. It wouldn't have delayed the delivery,"—New York Tribune.

Economy.

The pastor's wife heard of a desperately poor family. Of course she went to see about it. A man with a mouth's growth of beard opened the door for her. The room certainly wasn't very cheerful, but in one corner there was a coal oil stove, which was still burning, although it was after 10 o'clock.

"Well," she said to the man, "why do you keep your stove burning all day?"

"Oh, mum," he answered, "we ain't got no matches, an if we put it out we couldn't never light it again."—Life.

Tit For Tat.

"I guess"— "Oh, don't guess. You Americans always guess, you know."

"No, I don't know. You English always know, don't you know?"—Chicago Tribune.

How's This?

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

THE UNDERSIGNED, HAVE KNOWN J. F. Cheney for the last 30 years. He is a perfectly honorable man in all business transactions, and financially able to carry out any obligation made to him.

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121 General alarm.

123 Silver and Hickory.

125 W. Market and Rhodes ave.

232 Renner's brewery, N. Forge st.

241 Sherman and Vork.

## PEOPLE TESTIFY.

Reference That is Surely Worth Looking Up.

An Ohio Man Who Tells His Friends What Has Done Him Much Good.

We will tell you what will cure the worst kind of a case of backache caused from the kidneys. We will not only tell you, but will refer you to people in all walks of life in the State of Ohio, who have used Kid-ne-olds with the best results. We ask you to read this statement from Mr. Perry Gardner, 541 North Third st., Cambridge, Ohio, says: "I have suffered with kidney disorder for several years, also with backache and nervousness. I was greatly discouraged and ready to give up when I heard about Morrow's Kid-ne-olds. I purchased a box and took them according to directions and the very first gave me relief. I continued to take them until I felt perfectly well."

Morrow's Kid-ne-olds are not pills, but yellow tablets, and sell at 50 cents a box. For sale at all drug stores.

Mailed on receipt of price. Manufactured by John Morrow & Co., Chemists, Springfield, O.

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This book is issued by the Southern Railway, having been compiled at a large expense, and it is the handsomest publication of the kind ever gotten out.

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Masquerade costumes for ladies and gentlemen to let. Call at Mrs. Julia Wilms, 611 West Exchange st.

FIRE ALARM CALLS.

1 Central engine house.

2 Buckeye works.

3 Akron Iron works.

4 Diamond Rubber works.

5 Main and Market.

6 No. 2 engine house, Sixth ward.

7 N. Broadway, near Market.

8 Buchtel ave. and Bowery.

9 Schumacher mill, Mill st.

10 Prospect, near Mill.

11 Furnace and Broadway.

12 Main and Kew.

13 Ash and Park place.

14 No. 3 engine house, W. Hill.

15 Carroll and Exchange.

16 Empire Mower & Reaper Wks.

17 Akron Rubber works.

18 Prospect and Perkins.

19 Forge and Market.

20 Sherman, near Exchange.

21 Main and Exchange.

22 North Howard and Tallmadge.

23 W. Market and Greene.

24 Akron Knife works.

25 Washington and Hopp alley.

26 N. Howard and North.

27 E. Market and Spruce.

28 W. Market and Valley.

29 Carroll and Spicer.

30 Carroll and Summer.

31 North and Arlington.

32 Vine and Fountain.

33 Colburn and Campbell.

## AKRON MARKETS

WHOLESALE PRICES.

Grain.

Wheat, per bu. 70c.

Rye, per bu. 57c.

Corn, per bu. 50c.

Ear corn, per bu. 15 to 18c.

Corn, cracked, \$15.00 per ton.

Seeds.

Clover (large), per bu. \$3.50 to \$4.25

Clover (small), per bu. \$3.50 to \$4.25

Clover, crimson, per bu. \$5.00

Clover, white, per bu. \$7.

Clover, alsike, \$5

Timothy, per bu. \$1.00 to \$1.25

Mill Feed—Chop.

Corn, oats and barley, per cwt., 85c

Corn and oats, per cwt., 80c.

Middlings, per cwt., No. 1, 95c.

Brn, per cwt., 75c

Flour.

Spring wheat, per sack, \$1.25

City brands, per sack, \$1.00 to \$1.10

Clover and timothy, No. 1 baled per ton, \$9 to \$10.

Clover and timothy, No. 1 bulk per ton, \$10.50 to \$11

Clover, No. 1 baled per ton, \$9.00

Clover, No. 1 bulk per ton, \$9

Straw.

Wheat, baled per ton, \$5.

Wheat, bulk per ton, \$5.

Oats, baled per ton, \$4.50

Oats, bulk per ton, \$4.50

Rye, per ton, \$8.

Rye, bundle, \$11 per ton

Meats.

Beef, live per lb. 8 to 5 1/2c

Beef, dressed per lb. 6 to 8 1/2c

Pork, live per lb. 8 to 10 1/2c

Pork, dressed per lb. 6 to 5 1/2c

Mutton, live per lb. 8 to 4 1/2c

Mutton, dressed per lb. 6c

Lamb, dressed per lb. 8 1/2c

Lamb, live per lb. 4 1/2 to 5c

Veal, live per lb. 4 to 5c

Veal, dressed per lb. 8 to 8 1/2c

Ham, cured per lb. 9 1/2 to 10 1/2c

Shoulder, cured per lb. 7c

Bacon, cured per lb. 8 to 9c

Beef, dried per lb. 10 to 15c

Hides.

Cured, beef No. 1, per lb. 10 1/2c

Cured, beef No. 2, per lb. 9 1/2c

Green, beef No. 1, per lb. 8 1/2c

Green, beef No. 2, per lb. 7 1/2c

Cured, calf No. 1, per lb. 11c

Cured, calf No. 2, per lb. 10c